The Michigan Every Three Weekly

Volume 4, Issue 6 | *one hundred and thirteen years of always a bridesmaid, never a bride* | February 2003

Columbia University Explodes

U-M Students Suddenly Thankful That Bollinger Left

University of Michigan students were startled by news that Columbia, the university led by recently departed Lee Bollinger, recently exploded upon re-entry from orbit. Many students who once lamented the loss of a skilled administrator such as Bollinger have begun to rejoice in Michigan's good fortune in ridding itself of a leader who would launch an entire college into outer space.

"It's really a tragedy," said Michigan student Tony Leonard. "It's bad enough that those anonymous students died, but I heard Natalie Portman went to Columbia. Now George Lucas will have to replace her with a CGI Princess Amidala who uses racially stereotyped speech patterns and stupendously asinine dialogue. My life is over!"

The golden, flowing locks return

To reach out to the rest of the university community and to console ex-president Bollinger, current U of M president Mary Sue Coleman held a press conference Monday. "Well yes, I haven't actually done anything productive since I got here," Coleman read from a prepared statement. "But I have avoided exploding the entire campus, so I think you definitely got the sweet end of *that* deal. And don't think that it's easy not blowing up a few square miles of academia. They told me I was crazy when I demanded that Haven Hall be built from weapons-grade uranium. I said that as long as we assigned one random drinking fountain as the detonator, we'd be completely safe."

"I guess we're lucky that Bollinger left when he did," said English junior Kendra Murphy. "I mean, I heard on the news that the entire enrollment of Columbia died upon re-entry but that there were only seven people in the first place. Bollinger must have really been tightening admissions standards."

Engineering Freshman Chuck Williams claims to have actually had an AIM conversation with a Columbia student just before it was announced that Columbia was lost. "This

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LeBron James Awarded $28 Million Shoe Contract for Being Good Student

AKRON, OH – Only weeks after successfully lobbying to have his amateur status reinstated, high school academic phenom LeBron James officially renounced such status by signing a 5-year, $28 million shoe and apparel contract with Nike, said to be given in light of his outstanding academic achievements at St. Vincent-St. Mary High School.

"I can't express how thrilled we are to have a fine student such as LeBron as a spokesperson for our company," said Nike spokesman Eric Obermann in a statement following the signing. "From now on, when people think of Nike, they'll not only think of slam dunks and jump shots, but also word problems about slam dunks and jump shots.'"

Einstein was known for his hook-shot

The high school senior, who has been dubbed "King James" for his remarkable academic abilities, said that choosing with which company to sign was not easy. "Several companies made me excellent offers," James said in a written statement released this week. "But when it came down to it, it was all about the quality of the product. I think there's little doubt that Nike makes the best shoes for conjugating verbs in a second-year Spanish class."

This is not the first time James has received accolades for his schoolwork. Just a few months ago, the studious eighteen-year-old, who also plays on his school's varsity basketball team, was rewarded for his B+ average by having two of his team's games televised on ESPN2.

"I'm glad he was able to get some national exposure," said Bryan Landers, one of James' teammates. "Everyone talks about his abilities in the classroom, but let me tell you, I have seen him do some amazing things on a basketball court. Like when we took the SAT's back

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Next Week's Boston Public is the Greatest Episode of Anything in the History of Television Ever

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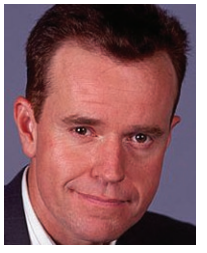
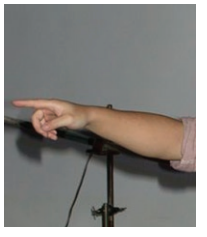


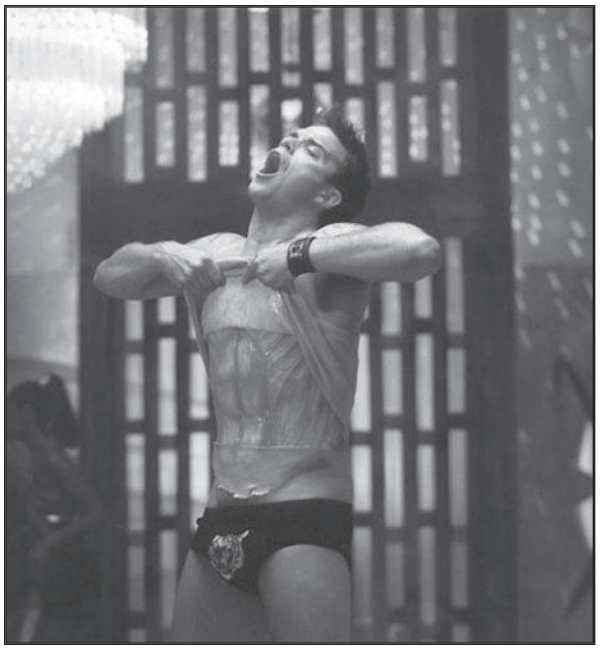
Local Comedian Wonders Why the Frieze Building is Always warm



Study: Though His Finger Remains Close, That Really Annoying Guy is Still "Not Touching You"

UAC UNIVERSITY ACTIVITIES CENTER

New Abercrombie & Fitch Catalogue To Feature Models Without Clothes, Skin



The hypodermis is the new black

NEW YORK — Seeking to outdo its competitors and continue with a trend of increasing nakedness, clothing retailer Abercrombie & Fitch announced this week that its newest catalogue will feature models who are not only naked, but also skinless.

"We pride ourselves on driving the fashion industry at A&F," said Abercrombie spokesman Clyde Shaffer. "We had already done naked, so this was the next logical step. If we have to kill a few fashion models along the way, I think we'd all have to agree that it's a small price to pay. No, it's literally a small price to pay. We've been kidnapping our models for years."

Abercrombie has come under increasing fire from groups who claim that the retailer is illegally targeting its advertising to minors.

"That charge is blatantly untrue," said Shaffer. "Our core market is 14- to 17-year-olds who can afford to spend $50 dollars on a T-shirt or a few grand on a sweater. These are the kinds of people so outrageously wealthy that laws no longer apply to them."

Many parents have voiced fears that this newest fashion trend being pushed by Abercrombie could be harmful to youth.

"I was fine with giving my 13-year-old daughter $400 to shop at a store that encouraged her to be naked and have sex with random men," local parent Sheila Garber said. "But I wonder if I should give her money to have her skin removed. Then again, maybe I'll come to like the skinless look just like I did music by Eminem. That guy is fucking awesome. We should all kill our parents."

UN Inspectors Uncover Iraq's Secret Weapon: A Broom Handle with Nails Sticking All Up Out Of It

"I hold two principals regarding weapons inspections: always wear a creepy smirk on my face and to never wear pants"

NEW YORK — In a Tuesday press conference, the UN announced that its weapons inspectors have found and isolated Iraq's most sinister weapon yet: a broom handle with nails sticking all up out of it.

"The weapon is about four feet in length," said chief weapons inspector Hans Blix, "and the hardwood shaft is embedded with twelve iron nails, which can only be described as 'sticking all up out of it' or possibly 'pointing out every which way,' but the first is definitely the preferred term."

"This discovery confirms what our country has feared for at least the last six months," said president George W. Bush in his reaction speech. "Saddam's weapons facilities have grown to an unprecedented level, and it is the job of the American people to put a stop to this madness. If we do not act now, in just a few short years the Iraqi war technology may reach the point where they can mass produce not only broom handles with nails sticking all up out of them, but also axe handles with spikes sticking all up out of them, or even, God forbid, a giant freaking club with big sharp knifey things sticking all up out of it." He then made large hand gestures and opened his eyes real wide to indicate the bowel-loosening terror that such a weapon should evoke.

Other world leaders had similar reactions upon hearing news of the weapon. "We should definitely attack them," said French President Blanc. "If they had nuclear weapons or anthrax or stuff like that, I'd say stay out. But since it's just a broom handle, I think we can take them. Wait, how many nails are in the broom handle? Forget it, we surrender."

In the News

Meeting With Satan Goes Surprisingly Well

Satan: The Prince of Lies, the Accuser, Lucifer, Star of countless horror movies, the general of a horde of unholy legions, the most evil being in the universe.

But according to LS&A junior Sandoval Reed, Satan was "just swell" at his English 317 office hours. "He was really helpful," said Reed. "I feel a lot more confident about my paper now. It was a little disjointed before, but now I think it's pretty good. And he didn't even want my soul or anything. Just a coke."

Reed was nervous about the meeting, but said that, all things considered, it went pretty well. "I don't think he recycled the can, though," said Reed. "I saw him devour it with his soot-black fangs—he crammed it down his infernal gullet and let out a great belch of triumph. The vault of heaven trembled and then was still. Waiting."

Satan then suggested that Reed reconstruct several sentences which had awkward phrasing and told Reed that he was making progress with his critical writing skills.

When reached for comment, Satan expressed disappointment that the coke machine was out of diet.

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Campus News

Contrary to Stated Objectives, Professor Is In Fact Interested in Seeing If You Can Just Memorize Things

In what could be described as the complete opposite of the objectives outlined both in the class syllabus and during the first lecture, your History 161 professor is, in fact, primarily interested in how well you can memorize names and dates and cares little about whether or not you can think and learn for yourself.

"Professors say stuff like that all the time, so I didn't think too much about it when he was all, 'I'm not here to test you on how well you can memorize things' and stuff like that," you were heard complaining to your roommate after the class's first midterm exam on Tuesday. "But come on. Don't kid yourself…you're a history professor."

Despite a course description that spoke of "an emphasis on critical thinking and student-led discussion," these statements are, according to you, "total bullshit," as evidenced by the 36-point portion of the exam consisting of twelve questions requiring you to match a notable post-Civil War event with the year in which it occurred.

Sources close to you say that considering that it is a history class, you are "not so much pissed off that [you] had to know dates," but more the fact that "he made it sound like [you] wouldn't for some reason, and then [you] did. [You] mean, what the hell? [You] hate that prick."

Student Denied Breakup Sex

In a disturbing development for meaningless sex enthusiasts across campus, LS&A Junior Thomas Hilton was denied post relationship coitus last Wednesday after a tear-filled breakup with his girlfriend of seven months, Jennifer Bacon. It is considered customary for both parties to participate in at least one last lovemaking session following a break-up, if not several increasingly heartbreaking and disturbing ones, but Bacon decided such an act would be "unhealthy" and cause "severe psychological trauma."

Though Hilton is still in denial, he now faces the unpleasant prospect of entirely solitary lovemaking sessions for several months, if not years. "Hey, I've got all kinds of options here," he lied flagrantly. "I'm betting two, three days and I'll be doing six or seven chicks. Seriously. Okay. Maybe one. And maybe I'll be in my thirties. Damn."

The break-up occurred Wednesday night after Hilton's IM flag football game in the parking lot at Elbel field. Bacon approached Hilton, announced her decision to end the relationship to Hilton, gave her reasons for the separation, and left after a short embrace. The whole encounter lasted approximately 25 minutes, during which no sex between the two parties occurred. Hilton regrets the missed opportunity. "I've had other girlfriends," he said, "and the last screw is always the best because you can totally be a freak and not care what she thinks. Now I'll always wonder what it'd be like to hump her to the theme song from Mighty Mouse while she's dressed up in a pirate costume. I had the eye patch and everything."

Students Stunned by Cabbage Attack

Giant Walking Vegetable Was "Just Like Anyone Else," Say Friends

Students returned to South Quad yesterday only to be shocked by a grisly murder scene in Taylor Hall. Police reports indicate that a giant walking cabbage turned on LS&A sophomore Reginald Carter, suffocating him with his outermost cabbage leaves before rolling down the hall and out the window.

One always suffers one way or another for eating Polish food.

Students were shocked by the news.

"I can't believe this is happening," said next-door-neighbor Paul Rosenberg, "the giant walking cabbage seemed so normal… He went to classes, played Tekken, and struck out with chicks just like the rest of us. For him to suddenly suffocate someone with his leafy fronds is somehow surreal."

The murder seems even stranger given the close relationship between the roommates. Reginald and the cabbage had been fast friends, attending the same nutrition science classes and often going out on the town together. Hallmates saw them together so often they began calling the two "Reg and the Veg."

That idyllic time of friendly giant walking vegetables is over now. Hallmates now struggle to cope with their new, harsh world of murderous giant walking vegetables. For many it is hard to accept.

"What kind of world do we live in," asked LS&A freshman Warren Kim, "where a vegetable can just kill a man without warning or provocation? Walk, yes, study, yes, kiss, god yes, but kill? Killing used to be exclusively the domain of fruits and tubers. Now I don't know what to think about giant walking plants… any of them."

Indeed, FBI statistics show a shocking increase in giant walking vegetable crime in the past few years. Though most of it remains vegetable-on-vegetable crime, there has been a disturbing 47% increase in inter-kingdom crime since 1997.

Analysts attribute this rise to growing income disparity between vegetables and humans. Few vegetables go to college—most simply sit around all day, soaking in sunshine and doing little productive work.

Such class-based theories give little insight into the ugly scene at South Quad, however. Hallmates say "The Veg" was a motivated, hard-working vegetable with good test

See CABBAGE page 6

Student Sues Wacky 80's Sitcoms, Coming-of-Age Movies

Crazy schemes, zany romantic misunderstandings not really part of everyday life

University senior Alex Park filed a lawsuit last week claiming various 80's sitcoms and coming of age movies caused him severe emotional distress. "I was deliberately deceived by the sitcoms and films I dearly loved as an adolescent," said Park. "I was led to believe that life would be a series of non-stop crazy schemes to get out of the zany predicament my friends and I would invariably get into. Instead, my friends and I mostly just sit around eating chocolate-covered Oreos and playing Play Station 2, and there's nothing zany about that."

Park claims that his hectic course load leaves little time for devising and executing various madcap capers that would get him out of various fixes.

"Between trying to read Plato's 'Republic' and going to Orgo lab, I just wouldn't have the time to steal a bus from a school for the blind and drive across the country to intercept a tape showing me cheating on my high school girlfriend," Park explained. He then added that he did not actually have a high school girlfriend.

During Park's testimony, he related the horrors he suffered due to the gross indifference of these sitcoms. "I met this girl and we immediately hated each other. We were constantly at each other's throats for over a year, and not *once* did we spontaneously make-out in the middle of a heated argument. When she said 'I would rather feast upon my own entrails,' I was sure she really meant 'my loins are aflame for you, lover. I want to tear off your 'Programmers Do It in the Binary Position' t-shirt and explore every bit of your 5'4", 226 pounds with my tongue.' But after the restraining order goes through, it will be pretty hard for her to do that." Park also described his shock and disappointment when he went undercover as a woman at a local sorority house, and hilarity did *not* ensue. "As the girls were screaming 'rape' and coating my genitals with pepper spray, I began to doubt Zach and Slater"

Park claims that besides emotional damage, he has also lost many meaningful relationships. "I felt lonely, so I developed an eating disorder, a la D.J. Tanner in Episode #76. I was sure that when my friends caught me, we would all share a good cry and realize how fragile life really was and ultimately it would bring us closer together. But when they found out I was only doing it for attention, they stopped calling me. I really miss that wisecracking black guy, that sassy Hispanic girl, and even miss my smart Chinese friend who sometimes doubled as a Puerto Rican."

The trial was delayed for two days when the appointed judge found Park in contempt when his only response to defense's questions regarding his background was "In West Philadelphia, born and raised, on the playground is where I spent most of my days." Park hopes the trial will have a positive outcome, after which he and the defendants can grab a burger at the Max while they all enjoy a live performance by Jesse and the Rippers until someone loses their virginity.

Letters to the Editor

All of the following letters are real. If you see your letter printed here and would like a bumper sticker, please stop by the UAC office and pick one up. Have something you want to say or ask? Email us at threeweeks.letters@umich.edu.

Date: Wednesday, January 29, 2003 7:04 PM - 0500
From: julieiro@umich.edu
Subject: <no subject>

Dear Every Three Weekly,

I was offended by your animal rights activists article. Animal rights activists are concerned about the real suffering of animals in the production of fur and meat and in animal experimentation. I know that the article about Harry Potter is satirical, but articles like these only feed into the myth that animal rights activists are "crazy".

Julie Rothman

We apologize. We now realize it is wrong to make fun of the abuse of magical creatures. From now on we will only make fun of abusing real creatures, which is always good for a chuckle.

Date: Wednesday, January 29, 2003 8:43 PM -0500
From: sheehanm@engin.umich.edu
Subject: kissing lesbians

who are the hot chicks that are making out in your article about making your own valentine? where did you get the picture? oh yeah and the article was pretty funny too.

An engineer telling us he likes our articles and our lesbians. This is why we do what we do. This is how we know it's all worthwhile.

Date: Thursday, January 30, 2003 1:53 PM -0500
From: E-Ric <emunn@umich.edu>
Subject: Hot Pic

Hey,
I just wanted to say that your recent "E3W Guide to Making Your Own Valentine" was not only funny but also had an extremely dirty hot picture w/it. I was just wondering what movie/tv show/broadway play that it is from so I can see it for myself.

Thanks,
Eric
PS: This is what the alphabet would look like if Q and R were missing.

We've gotten several letters over the past month. Only two have been on the same subject: hot girls kissing. And we thought our niche was comedy. Anyway, to answer your question, it's from the television show Touched by an Angel. That was a good episode. If you think that's hot, you should see the scene with Della Reese.

Date: Thursday, February 06, 2003 3:44 AM -0800
From: Adam Robertson <adammr@umich.edu>
Subject: Every Three MONTHLY?

Here have you guys been?...love the paper (when it comes out!)...adam

Adam Robertson

We've been locked away, looking high and low for more lesbian pictures on the internet. So far, we've found 294,302,104,497 photos. But we know we can do better.

Date: Tuesday, January 28, 2003 2:33 PM +0000
From: Lisa1357@aol.com
Subject: the next E3W?

When does the next E3W come out?

Right now.

Who would win in a E3W mud-wrestling competition?

threeweeks.letters@umich.edu

That Bitch You Call Girlfriend Is Up To No Good

We used to be such great friends. When you beat Mario 1, 2, and 3 in the same day, I knew we had something special. It seemed like we could accomplish anything. Put simply, the world was our oyster.

Super Mario
Noted Video Game Pioneer

Then she came along. At first I was happy for you. But before I knew it, a whole week had gone by without you so much as looking at a controller. I can't take it anymore. It's time for you to decide who you want to keep: me, your best friend for the past ten years, or her, some no-name slut you'll forget in two weeks. The right decision is obvious.

C'mon, who's the one guy you've always been able to trust? It'sa me, Mario! When I tell you that your girlfriend is a dirty whore and you should dump her like a Laiktu unloading a spikey bomb from his damn near impossible to reach flying cloud, you have to believe me. And I'm not just saying this because I'll be sold to Funcoland® at an embarrassingly low price if you decide to keep seeing this girl — which, by the way, you would regret doing for the rest of your life. I'm telling you this because I'm your friend, and that's what true friends do… tell each other what they need to hear, even if —nay, especially if —it is painful to hear. That bitch you call girlfriend is up to no good; all she wants to do is break us apart.

So do both of us a favor and jump past her like she's a poisoned mushroom. Like said mushroom, she is nothing but trouble. Sure, they both look enticing from a distance, but as soon as you touch either all hell breaks loose. In fact, you'd be better off with the shroom – the worst it can do is make you think you're the animated corpse of Lenin leading an undead army bent on reclaiming Mother Russia from its capitalist overlords, and that would be fun for at least the first half hour or so. This slut, on the other hand, will get you to hate your friends, brainwash you until the only thing you want to do is hold her hand and watch Lifetime, then kick you out when you ask for an extra scoop of raspberry sherbet. Please don't let it come to that.

What's that you say about the princess? Don't even get me started…alright, you ever wonder why she's always "kidnapped?" That's right, I've been trying to get rid of that bitch for the past twelve years, and the only person stupid enough to take her is Bowser. And you ever wonder why you never see any of my friends? Yeah, I don't have any. I used to; hell, I was the most popular guy on the block. I had girls calling me over all the time, and I wasn't just fixing their pipes, if you know what I mean. Now I'm always around *her*, apologizing for forgetting to get the right kind of kitty litter and shit like that. Dude, she doesn't even put out.

But seriously, if there's one thing you should have learned from our time together, well, I guess that would be mushrooms should always be referred to as "bigs," but if you learned two things you know you should dump your psycho girlfriend before she comes between you and your friends.

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The Every Three Weekly Guide to STABBING STABBING STABBING Interviewing

Eventually, you're going to have to get a job. Or die. To get a job you will probably have to talk to some human resources motherfucker. Human resources motherfuckers would make the pope seriously kill some shit. And everyone else too, the pope's not a psycho or anything, although that twitching is getting a little frightening. The point is, even the goddamn pope wants to kill the people who are determining whether you get a job or not. So it's hard not to kill them and run screaming from the room holding their head aloft.

And killing coworkers isn't going to get you any jobs except psychopope and that job's taken. Taken by me, so step off. Because I'm the goddamn psychopope, you hear? I'll kick your ass psychostyle and then spear you in the throat with my psychopope hat. And then I'll put you in hell.

The upshot is all the jobs where killing your interviewer is a good idea are taken and you're going to have to actually talk to the MBA asshole who's really just thinking about his money and how much he's enjoying buying Red Wings tickets and *never going to games*.

So we're going to tell you how to get a job from said asshole. I'm not, psychopopes don't have to deal with this bullshit, we just kill people with lightning and shit. But some other people are.

When asked why you left your previous job, say that your girlfriend/wife/daughter/mother/sister kept sneaking into the office during the day to have wild group sex with the HR department. Show them a picture of Carmen Electra, and when they say "your mom isn't Carmen Electra," prove that she is by showing them another picture of Carmen Electra and pointing out the family resemblance between your mother and sister. If they say "that's just another picture of Carmen Electra" you'll have to kill them.

When asked how much experience you have, say a million years. HR weasels are cunning and will ferret out small lies, like "I have a year of experience" or "I have some vague idea of what your company does." The mind-boggling lie will be accepted at face value because no one would ever say they had a million years of experience unless they really did. If they ask about something else say you have two million years and six years of experience in that. The six will prevent them from becoming suspicious. Kill them if they look at you funny.

Remember, your stabbing skills are excellent and unpredictable. This may seem useful only in the stabbing-people industry, but it's remarkable how many HR people show a great interest in how to accommodate your wishes when Mr. Stabby makes his appearance in all his staberrific glory. If they seem uninterested in your stabbing skills, stab them.

When stabbing the HR representative in the face, if he screams out "I have a family, please!" stop stabbing him until you find out his address. Then finish killing him, put on his suit, and take his job and family. Remember: blood covered suits featuring multiple stab wounds were popular during the war and will be again soon.

Bring a lollipop and offer it to your interviewer as a show of caring.

You Can Tell How Much I Love You by the Lack of You Being Killed by Robot Ninjas, Shirley An Open Letter to My Ex-Girlfriend

Steve Braxton

You know, Shirley, I may be jealous and possessive; I may have called you and your mother *whores*, but at least I didn't hire robot ninjas to kill you.

I mean, I think that alone is proof positive that I truly do care for you. After all you've done to me, I still have not played the "robot assassin" card.

Sure, use your excuses. Oh, I see, you were "drunk" or "confused" or I had "drugged" you. No matter what way you put it Shirley, we had something good and you threw it away. That was love, because baby, GHB don't feel that good.

How can you doubt that I love you? All my previous girlfriends/parents have been butchered by robotic ninja assassins and their flaming laser blades. Yet you still live because I love you. Not to say that I didn't consider sending special robotic torture ninjas to scald your genitals leaving you blinded and scarred about the face, but I chose not to because I love you. I also couldn't afford it, but it's the thought that counts.

Of course, this isn't a threat, Shirley, I'm just saying that if you come back now, you stand a significantly better chance of not being hunted down and slain by anonymously-hired robo-ninja dogs and their merciless fangs.

I don't know what it is. Perhaps the robot ninjas and their robo-ninja dogs wearing robo-ninja dog sweaters sense that the chi of the universe has been disrupted by the women who leave me. Perhaps they're so in love with me that they're deranged with anger at anyone who would reject me—a love, by the way, that you're not exactly keeping up with, if you get my drift.

Oh, I know what you're thinking. You're thinking "He's crazy" or "If robot ninjas attempt to kill me I'll just seduce them like the dirty SLUT I am, the DIRTY DIRTY SLUT WHO MUST BE ASSASSINATED BY ROBOT NINJAS I am," but let me reassure you that the robot ninjas are very, very real and very, very gay. Yes, there's nothing better to a robot ninja than some good old-fashioned robot ninja buggering.

They're not interested in your knickers! No, completely hypothetical robot ninjas hired to kill you cannot be seduced—unlike my best friend Pete and my dad and the rest of the academic team and everyone who was in the MUG last Tuesday, not that I hired any or all of those particular people to horribly disfigure you with acid.

Not that that would be so bad anyway. I mean, compared to the pain I'm going through here, what with the fact that I don't have enough money to either be your boyfriend or hire robot ninjas. Oh, and that you don't love me anymore, that too. That's the important thing.

Also, have you been saved? Only Jesus can truly save you, if not from robot ninjas in the here and now, then from the robot ninjas of Satan in the afterlife. Read the Good Book and let him into your heart. Hooray Jesus!

CABBAGE
from page 3

scores and firm, succulent leaves. All say he seemed happy and well-adjusted.

However, vegetable advocacy groups claim the cabbage was in a horribly discriminatory environment. "Vegetables cannot look right or left without seeing their brethren consumed by the thousands," said Vegetable Advocacy Militant Nation (VAMN) president Sarah Kepler. "Anyone would go mad in such a situation."

Hallmates of the cabbage reject such claims. "Dude, you can *eat* vegetables?" asked LS&A freshman Richard Haper. "Besides, I've been eating in South Quad's cafeteria for months now and Soylent Green Day is my favorite."

In any case, Taylor Hall is left without answers now, wondering what went wrong—wondering how they could have prevented the tragedy. They trudge from class to class, poring over the smallest details. None say they noticed anything odd.

"I'll always remember the last time I saw him," said Kim. "He turned towards me and looked at me with his featureless, leafy face. Then he shook his fronds at me, grabbed his backpack, and headed out the door. How was I supposed to know anything strange was going on? I know some people say it's not every day you see a giant walking cabbage, but we did. Except when he went home on the weekends."

The cabbage is still at large and is presumed armed and delicious.

Terror Alert Elevated to 'Magenta'

Terrorist Attack Imminent or Not Imminent or Possibly Imminent or Potentially Imminent

WASHINGTON, DC — Americans were terrified yesterday when the government's new Terror Alert Scale reached magenta levels for the first time ever. The sudden fuchsia-to-magenta switch marks either the largest increase or decrease in the Terror Alert Scale's brief but terrifying existence. Or it could mean everything is pretty much the same as it was yesterday.

White House press secretary Ari Fleischer held a contentious press conference to reassure the country that the government has no idea what's going on whatsoever. "Magenta, huh?" said Fleischer. "Boy, they sure think up some crazy shit. I mean, uh, yes, new intelligence has come to light that has forced us, in our infinite wisdom, to increase the alert level to magenta. No, we can't tell you what it means. No, we can't tell you if there is an imminent attack on the US. We don't want to panic anyone unnecessarily. "

In previous weeks, the colored alert scale has fluctuated wildly. It has gone from cyan to aquamarine, then increased sharply to vivid tangerine, dropped slightly to beige, and in a three-day span, gone from beige to off-white to 'Sodom-and-Gomorrah-blood-red'.

Since its inception, the terror scale has been criticized for its seeming lack of relatedness to any real-life events. "Those accusations are simply not true," Fleischer said. "What do they think we have, a Wheel of Terror? Ridiculous."

Fleischer then described the giant multicolored wheel behind him as a "Wheel of No Significance Whatsoever" and repeatedly denied that the various sections were labeled with such terror-inspiring phrases as "Oh God, Run For Your Lives" and "Please, Not Again, Oh Lord, Not Again"

"No, you're not reading it right off the wheel," said Fleischer. "You're probably having a flashback to 'Nam. Yes, you were in 'Nam. No, you weren't six years old. Unless you journalists actually start listening to these press conferences, I see little point in continuing."

President Bush also gave a statement about the importance of remaining calm despite this increased state of alertitude. "Citizens, it is important to stress the importance of living our lives normally, "said Bush. "And by normally, I mean 'knowing that at any second a vaguely realized fear propagated by our own government may strike suddenly and without warning'. If not, the terrorists have already won."

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Natural Science Auditorium

check out our website for locations and sneak previews!

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COLUMBIA
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news is really heavy," Williams said. "I mean, my friend said his English professor this semester was really hot, but I didn't think he meant '3000 degrees on re-entry' hot."

"Are you an idiot? That wasn't Columbia *University*," said Bollinger, obviously in denial, "and Natalie Portman doesn't even go here!" Bollinger continued to babble about some sort of "space shuttle" and went on to explain that he doesn't feel personally responsible for Columbia's fate, though how he plans to avoid taking blame for the disaster remains unclear. When asked the pertinent question, "You can suck it Ivy League boy; what's the better school now?" Bollinger abruptly ended the interview.

KING JAMES
from page 1

in October… That was in the gym. I think he got like an 1100 or something. That was awesome."

In accepting the endorsement offer, James officially forfeits his status as an amateur student. Earlier this month, James was the subject of much controversy when he accepted two throwback jerseys, worth $845, as a reward for his above-average grades. Derrick Craig, the manager of the store that gave James the jerseys, says it was not the first time his store has rewarded outstanding academic achievement. "We get academic celebrities in here all the time," he said in an interview last week. "Just this past Thursday, (local eighth grader and recent National Junior Honor Society inductee) Michael Larsen was in here, and we gave him a $350 Reggie Jackson jersey. He got an 89 on a algebra quiz."

Surprisingly, despite his grades, sources close to James say he will likely elect not to attend college, amidst rumors that as an additional reward for his academic achievements, he will be selected as the number one overall pick in the 2003 NBA draft.

"Even without having attended college, there's no question, LeBron should be the number one pick," said ESPN basketball columnist Marc Stein. "It would just be too big a risk to pass up an individual who can add fractions and diagram sentences as well as James can. There's just too much upside."

Jay Leno Blasts Lions' Coaching Search

Hiring of Competent Coach May Cut Potential Monologue Jokes by 33%

Jay Leno, host of NBC's *Tonight Show*, joined Jesse Jackson and Johnny Cochran in denouncing the Detroit Lions' decision to hire Steve Mariucci as head coach without first interviewing other candidates.

"The decision to hire a coach whose credentials include four playoff appearances and two division titles in six years makes a mockery of the practices in hiring coaches that the Lions are supposed to strive for," Leno said Monday. "With countless incompetent coaches available, the decision to hire one with a solid history as a head coach in the National Football League is a travesty.

"These are the Lions!" Leno continued. "There were plenty of potential coaches who would have perfectly fit the bill as their new head coach. Any one of them would have ensured that the Lions would continue their miserable trend of failure for the next decade, thereby ensuring hilarious monologue jokes for years to come."

Detroit Lions general manager Matt Millen continued to defend the hiring at a press conference later that day.

"Look, we tried to interview several potential incompetent head coaches," Millen said. "We tried to honor Mr. Leno's request. But they all knew we wanted to go in a different direction and hire somebody with actual coaching experience. So they simply declined to interview."

Despite this, many feel that the Lions simply did not try hard enough. With the number of horrible head coach choices that could have been made, some argue that the Lions could have found more prospective coaches to talk to.

"There were certainly those out there who I believe would have jumped at the chance for an interview," ESPN football analyst Chris Mortensen said. "To the best of my knowledge, Wayne Fontes is still looking for an NFL job. You would expect the Lions would have jumped at the chance to bring him back. Or there's John Cooper and George O'Leary, two men with atrocious college records who also would have been perfect candidates.

"And what about Marty Mornhinweg? Sure, the Lions just fired him, but he is a pretty horrible coach, and he is looking for a job. You would think the two parties would have fulfilled what the other was looking for."

Leno, for one, would presumably agree.

"You worry now, with the Lions ignoring the requisite guidelines, that others will follow suit," he said. "What's next? The Cincinnati Bengals hiring a decent GM? The Cleveland Cavaliers finding a legitimate director of player personnel? We have to consider: What does this do for late night talk show hosts with writers too tired and unfunny to come up with an original joke? What affect does this have on them? And on the people who stay up to watch these lame-ass jokes?

"See, check this bit out. 'Last Wednesday, President Bush announced that he had reason to believe that smallpox had already been used in this country as a biological terror weapon. Fortunately, no one was hurt. Apparently, it was found on the Detroit Lions goal line.'

"See?" Leno continued. "That's golden! What if the Lions get good and that's not funny anymore? It's a travesty."

Not to Be Outdone, Mets Sign Godzilla

NEW YORK — In response to the Yankees' recent signing of outfielder Hideki "Godzilla" Matsui, yesterday the New York Mets announced the signing of the real Godzilla, the monster who has terrorized Tokyo and New York City for many years.

"He'll be terrorizing New York in a new way now," said Scott Boras, Godzilla's agent. "He's gonna take this town by storm!"

"He's a great addition to our club," said Mets GM Steve Phillips. "When I heard the Yankees signed Godzilla, I thought, 'Oh, shit, how do you pitch to a 700-foot-tall lizard?' But then I found out it was just Matsui, and I knew we had to go out and get the real Godzilla. I mean, the guy took on Mothra and Rodan, now he's ready to take on Greg Maddux."

Godzilla, who will become the ugliest player in the league except for Randy Johnson, held a press conference yesterday to discuss his future with the Mets. He was obviously in a lighthearted mood, and joked with reporters about having two 'Godzillas' in one town.

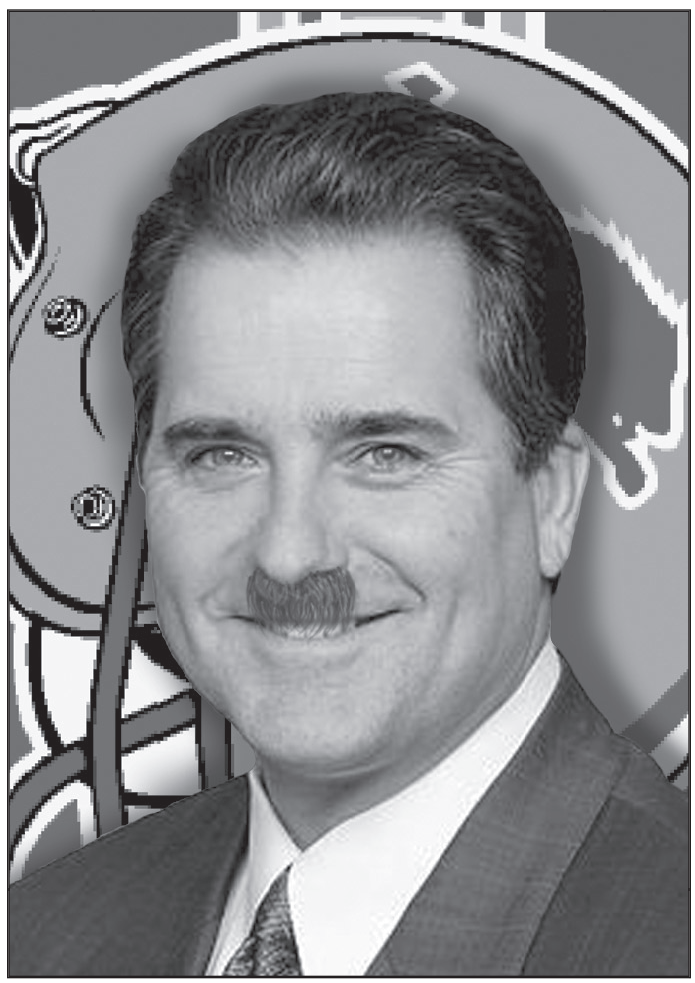
"Aaaargggg! Raaaaaaaaaa! Aaaraaaaa!" said Godzilla.

Meanwhile, coaches around the rest of the league are already debating whether to pitch to Godzilla or just intentionally walk him.

"He really puts pitchers in a tough spot," said Braves manager Bobby Cox. "If you pitch to him, he's probably gonna hit a home run. But if you walk him, he's probably gonna eat you, which is almost worse. And then he'd probably just steal second anyway."

"That's what I like about G-Zill," said fellow Met Mike Piazza. "He's a five-tool player. He can hit, run, throw, decapitate, and breathe fire. He can do it all. I'm not gay."

New Lions Coach Steve Mariucci Revealed To Be a Nazi



"I'm just not good at picking coaches," says Matt Millen

Just two weeks after signing him to a five year, $25 million contract, it was learned on Tuesday that new Lions coach Steve Mariucci is, in fact, a Nazi.

"I couldn't figure out why he wanted to sign with us," said Lions president Matt Millen. "I was like, 'Hmm, here's one of the best coaches in the league, he could go to any team he wants to, but he decided to come to us. Yeah, that makes sense.' I knew it was too good to be true."

After some deliberation, Millen ultimately decided to fire Mariucci. "I wasn't sure if I should fire him or not," said Millen. "Sure, he's a Nazi, but the players were just starting to learn his system. I didn't want to mess that up. Plus, Mariucci's a hometown guy, so I thought the fans might forgive him. Boy, was I wrong. Say what you want about Lions fans, but one thing's for certain--they don't like Nazis. Case closed."

After initially hiring Mariucci, the Lions were criticized for not interviewing minority candidates for the coaching position. Millen says he won't make the same mistake twice. "We're already lining up candidates," said Millen, "including Dennis Green, J.J. Walker, and the Cream of Wheat Chef."

"I don't know if those are the best candidates," said Lions owner William Clay Ford. "I think we should try to get that kid from 'Diff'rent Strokes.' Wouldn't he be great? That way, anytime we get called for a penalty, he could just be like, 'What you talkin' about, ref?' That would be so adorable."

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